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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THREE SONNETS

PERSPECTIVE OF CO-ORDINATION

The circles never fully round, but change  
In spiral gropings—not, as on a wall,  
Flat-patterned, but back into space they fall,  
In depth on depth of indeterminate range.  
Where they begin may be here at my hand  
Or there far lost beyond the search of eye;  
And though I sit, desperately rapt, and try  
To trace round-round the line, and understand  
The sequence, the relation, the black-art  
Of their continuance, hoping to find good  
At least some logic of part-joined-to-part,  
I judge the task one of too mad a mood:  
And prophecy throws its shadow on my heart,  
And Time's last sunset flames along my blood.

WORLD BEYOND WORLD

Two mirrors, face to face, is all I need  
To build a mazy universe for my mind  
Where world grows out of world. I dizzily find  
Solace in endless planes that there recede.  
The fifth plane-world, soft-shimmering through the glass—  
Surely it has a light more bland than ours.

*Arthur Davison Ficke*

And in the far ninth hides a whirl of powers  
Unknown to our dull senses. I would pass  
Down the long vista, pausing now and then  
To taste the flavor of each separate sphere,  
And with each vast perspective cool my eye.  
Whom should I meet there? Never living men!  
What should I love there? Nothing I hold dear!  
What would the end be? Endless as am I!

LEAF-MOVEMENT

From its thin branch high in the autumn wind  
The yellow leaf now sails in upward flight;  
Hovers at top-slope; then, a whirling bright  
Eddy of motion, sinks. The storm behind  
With gusts and veering tyrannies would uphold  
Even as it downward beats this gorgeous thing  
Which like an angel's lost and shattered wing  
Against the grey sky sweeps its broken gold.  
Another eddy, desperate or in mirth,  
Brings it to rest here on the crackled earth  
Where men can see it better than on the bough.  
What quite preposterous irony of wind's-will  
Touches it where it lies, golden and still,  
And once more lifts it vainly heavenward now!

*Arthur Davison Ficke*